

# THE OMEN

**Vol. 40**  
**Issue 3**



# BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

## OMEN LAYOUT Staff: Competing For Your Love

### The Star Crossed Lovers:

F. Stewart-Taylor <3: Jeff Goldblum

Jon Gardner <3: Dinosexologists

Ben Batchelder <3: Ben's Friends

Ben's Friends <3: Ben

Grace Willey <3: My Immortal

Jesse Ide <3: Sobbing and eating chocolate

B Corfman <3: Dinosexology

Lucy Smith <3: Bible fanfiction

Lucas Flach <3: Looking like Ian Campbell

Lucas' Friend in a Dress <3: Being mysterious

Christian Matesanz <3: The power of rock'n'roll

Devin Morse <3: Philososososophy

Aaron Neiman <3: Setting police cars on fire

Joseph Dromboski <3: Whales

Stephen Morton <3: Exploding police with his dick

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu or F. Stewart-Taylor, box 1092

## Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

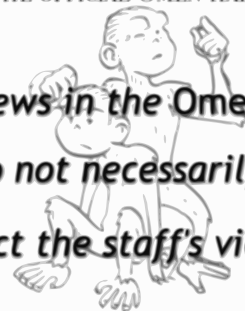
The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

### THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

**Views in the Omen (5)**

**Do not necessarily (7)**

**Reflect the staff's views (5)**



# EDITORIAL LOVE

F. Stewart-Taylor

Who got more Omen Valentines than the other signers. Put together. Ha Ha.

**First, an update on our blackmail situation:** Jonathan Fitzgerald "Lash" Kennedy, because you still haven't responded to my demands of one (1) piece of pizza with at least one (1) vegetable on it, we're going to the press with your location and the location of Marilyn Monroe unless you cough up the dough. And if it isn't soon, we're increasing the demands to gluten free dough. Don't think friending me on facebook means we're cool. It doesn't.

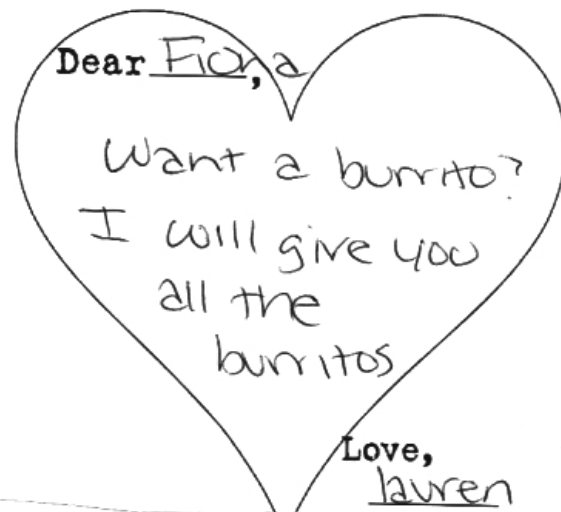
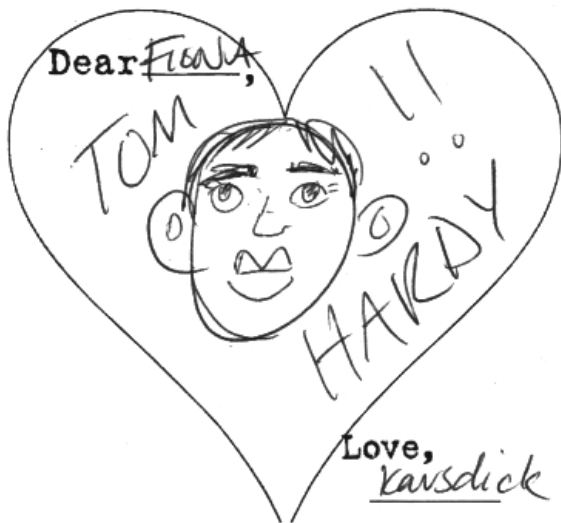
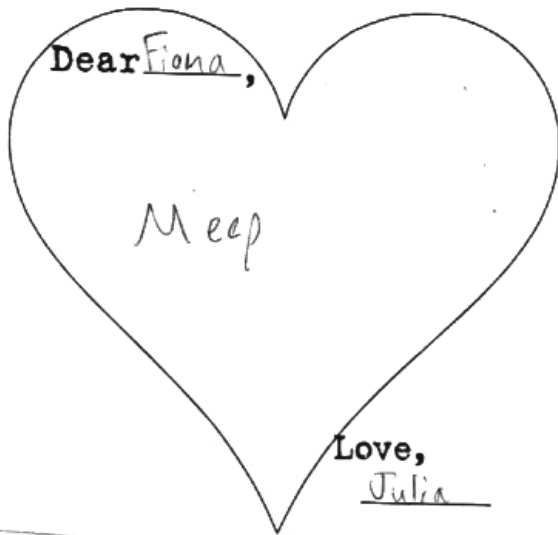
So, welcome to the erotic issue of The Omen. You all collected our naked-lady-on-the-back-cover issue faster than I've seen any issue of the Omen disappear before, so I expect similar for this one, you sick fucks. **Your animalistic wriggling disgusts me.** Not because you like looking at pictures of naked ladies, although I find the human body in all its forms to be an endless source of consternation, but because not one of you submitted original erotica in return for the hours of delight you got from Grace's (and Ben's, and Jesse's) contributions to your pleasure. Greedy fucks.

Anyway, this year I had nothing like a romantic prospect lining itself up around Valentine's. My valentine was The Omen, and that's exactly the way I wanted it. **I am gonna die alone and self actualized.** As much as The Omen staff talks amongst ourselves about being sad, lonely fucks, we had a really lovely, productive conversation about health advocacy on campus. We made a cool exquisite-corpse style piece of erotica. We argued about the relative merits of Ke\$ha and Englebert Humperdink. We ate an obscene fuckton of chocolate, on FiCom's dime. (Well, their dime as soon as I get the RFP in) We listened to Punch 'Em In The Dick, which is my love language, in case you were wondering. **The Omen may be a buncha sad, dateless fucks, but we're sad, dateless fucks who have The Omen.** And so could you, you sad, dateless fuck. Omen layouts, alternate Thursdays, 8pm. See you on the 28th, fuckos.

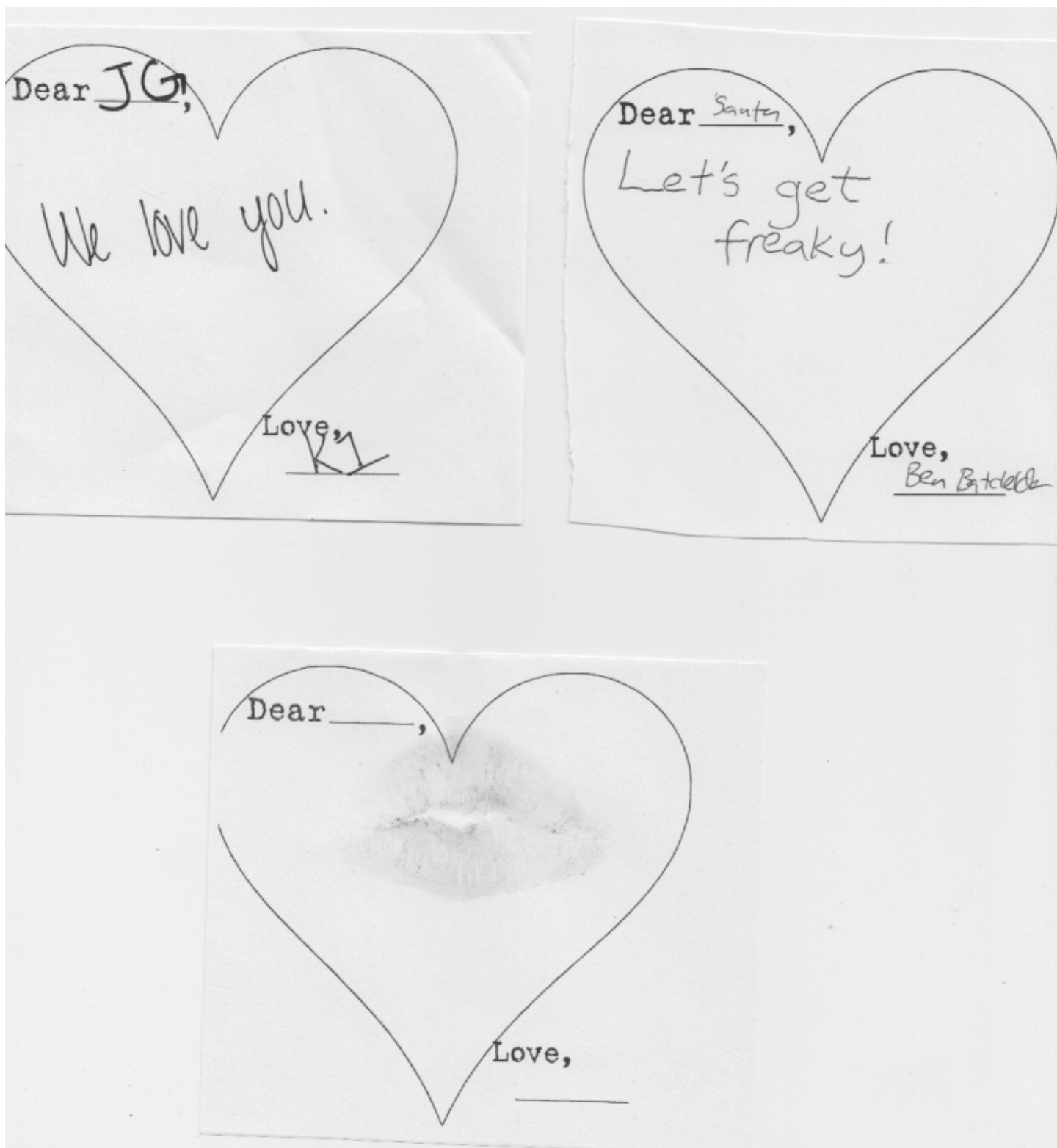
LOVE,

Yr. Faithful Editrix,

F. STEWART



**You Love The Omen...**



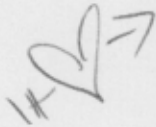
**...AND The Omen Loves You!**





Dear Omen,

I see you have moved on  
to bigger + better signers.  
Never forget me. I  
could never  
forget  
you.

Love,   
YOUR FORMER EDITOR

Dear OMEN,

VOLUME XL, ISSUE II  
is better read  
upside-down.

Love,  
INK VALVE



♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ : ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

I want to cook you up  
and swallow you whole.  
I'm sorry to be so  
voracious.

— Hungry  
Lover

Dear Sasha,

You probably don't even remember, but  
when the Omen valentine issue came  
out last year, you picked one up in  
Saga and yelled your discontent  
that none of them were  
for you. I was  
sexy.

This one's  
for you.

Love,  
\_\_\_\_\_

Dear Achyut,  
I love your jokes almost  
as much as I love you!  
(Yes, some of them are funny)  
Thank you for working so hard  
this year, especially for me.  
Love,  
Andy



Dear lil beast,

I ♥ U w/ all  
My ♥!

Love,  
Yours

Dear Amma,

We Love  
You!

Love,  
Dante and Gabrielle

Dear possum,

I ♥ you + your  
compost loving  
ways. Lets  
cuddle,  
k?

Love,  
Secret  
admirer

Dear zoe k.

You are valued.

Love,  
Peter

Dear  
Cyrus -  
im 4 v down  
YR PLUR  
LIFESTYLE.  
♥ KAI  
the hitchhiker  
↑ oops

Dear Lisa, Warren

That's insurance  
you can  
count  
on.

Love,  
John Krasinski's  
voice

Dear Josephine,

I love and miss  
you.

Love,  
Emma

Dear Jessica, ~~Barry~~

Be Mine,  
Valentine!

Love,  
Hannah

Dear Melanie, ~~Shaw-Shaw~~

Valentine's day is not just  
for people who do it or  
want to do it. So get  
some chocolates & your  
buds to Potwine & P

Love,  
\_\_\_\_\_

Dear FSS11,

I CU &  
I LIKE WHAT  
I SEE



Love,  
cac11

Dear AMERICA,

I'll be BACK  
for you  
BABY

Love,  
JIMMY Stewart  
2016

Dear Maizie,

Yr perfect.

Love,  
Prince boy

Dear \_\_\_\_\_,

My name is Reuter.  
I listen to Jason Mraz  
My name is Reuter  
I HAVE A GLORIOUS  
ASS

Love,  
\_\_\_\_\_

Dear Smay,  
& T-grant

You two warm  
my heart.  
I love both of  
you!

Love,  
Angel

Dear Everyone,

Fu ck  
YOU

Love,  
Barry

Dear Ines,

You are silly, and  
fun to be around.

Love,  
Peter

Dear Mina,

I promise / will  
tryyyy to find your  
grape fruit spoons  
because I  
♥ you!  
(+ your spoons)

Love,  
Hannah



Dear Lais,

Care to dance?  
I know just  
the place.

Love,  
Mike

Dear Laticia,

I Love  
you Dutches

Love,  
Tino

Dear Noah Bug,

I would kiss your antenna  
with an undying passion.  
Unfortunately, we are  
star crossed lovers  
and I can't live without  
your Vets burn like  
a thousand suns!

Love,  
Bawb

Dear ~~XXX~~,  
KU KU

heh heh

Love,  
M

Dear Appa,

I'm going to be the same,  
collected parent, and I'm going to  
laugh when your spoiling backfires  
- But -

I'm going to Love  
you no matter  
what, and I'm  
sure they  
will  
too.

Love,  
Amma

Dear Molly,

Heara & John  
Nguyen

I hope you guys go jogging  
by the farm, slip on ice &  
fall into my backyard.  
I need to come disturb you  
at Cantina Jogo

Love,  
Nguyen

Dear \_\_\_\_\_,

tedx violin girl,

icu.

Love,  
57

Dear Nina,

If I had a heart  
in a jar, I would  
give it to you.

Love,  
Hannah

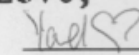
Dear Marianna, Luna

You make my  
Heart skip  
beats on that  
808 beat.

Love,  
Mari Linda

Dear kikikikleen,

I love you infinitely. You are so cool and  
sweet and awesome and this is totally  
a run-on sentence, but I don't give a  
fuck cause our life is a run-on  
sentence of shit and laughs  
and cry and music and  
a bunch of shit neither  
of us remember.  
Anyhow I  
love  
you

Love,  
Yael 

Dear SAL,

I'll love you  
forever

Love,  
LK

Dear Beats,

It just feels  
right.  
I will love you  
forever!

Love,  
Butthead

Dear MR. FAMES,

GET BACK TO  
WORK.

Love, <sup>no</sup>  
Arthur.

Dear Nina,

If I had a heart  
in a jar, I would  
give it to you.

Love,  
Hannah

Dear JAN,

You're a a great  
person: Happy

V-Day  
XOXO

Love,  
abby

Dear SuAnn,

H<sup>o</sup>W -R- Y<sup>o</sup>u

SO

BeAuTiFuL?

Love,  
\_\_\_\_\_

Dear Eshe,  
You're wonderful!  
Will you  
be mine?

Sam elephants  
won't fall in love  
with me. The dowry  
is 50,000kg of peanuts



Dear Vincenzo,

Miss you booooy!

Let's visit!

Love,

Hannah + Margie

Dear Molly, Tojo, Shawshaw  
and Itel-mel,

I've grown very big & funny. I look like a fat bunny sometimes but like a sumo-wrestler mostly. Come play with me.

Love,

Mushu

Dear Tham, Haxo

We miss you.

Love,

Ava F.  
+ Mikayla M.

Dear \_\_\_\_\_,

Frank O'Hara

DANKE

SCHÖNE

Love,

ASHBURY

Dear Y,

You have a beautiful  
Soul. NO more 3sies,

though! D

Happy

v-day

Love,

K

Dear redmets,

I think you are all  
really cool please  
be nice to  
me

Love,

I know where  
you live

Dear nose,

Where o  
where o  
did you  
go?

Love,  
Lord Voldemort  
He who shall not be named,  
you know who

Dear Weather,

Be more consistent

Love,  
David N.

Dear Carla,

Please fall in  
love with  
me.

Love,  
Everyone

Dear VICKI,

**YOU HAVE SUCH A  
GENEROUS;  
BEAUTIFUL  
HEART**

Love,  
**Sassy**

Dear \_\_\_\_\_,  
everybody,

application for being  
my valentine:  
is human being ☐  
likes pizza ☐

Love,  
Sophie

Dear Mariah,

You're so great that  
I want to give you  
thousands of  
taxidermied  
creatures.

Love,  
Your R.I. friend



Your petit Jewish beard  
makes my insides  
crave you  
completely,  
Mr. Drinker-Ohren  
- Love, Your Future Wife

Dear Ex-Prospie,

You have no idea how glad I am  
that I invited you to  
sit with us.

Love,  
Me

Dear inverse,

everything about you  
is magic.

Love,  
henry

Dear Amma,

AAAAAAAAHHH.

Love,  
Baby

Dear Margaret,

you man pup  
XOXOXO

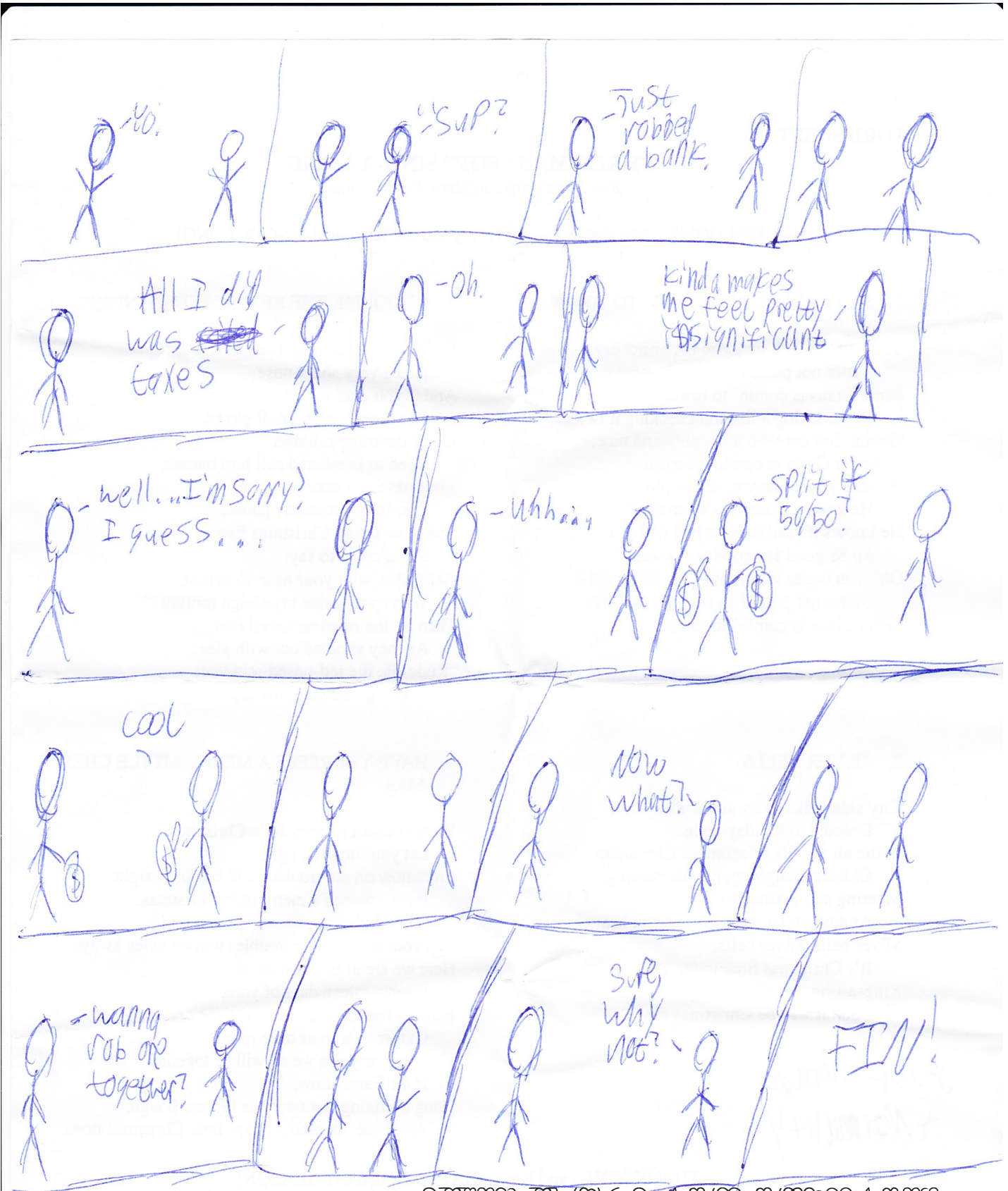
Love,  
HCM

Dear Damon,

Dammit Damon,  
It's Valentine's  
day!

Love,  
Hannah

# SECTION: HEARTBREAK



STEVE TRUGS AND NORMALEY  
THOMAS "PEEBLES" MEYER

Please publish my email.

The men's basketball team needs to learn both sports etiquette as well as how to play an actual sport.

BOOYA

~BREE MABRY

— Forwarded message from brmm11@hampshire.edu —

Date: Tue, 05 Feb 2013 22:12:09 -0500

From: brmm11@hampshire.edu

Subject: Lack of Etiquette in HC Sports

To: Troy Hill, Robert E Garmirian

Cc: Jonathan Lash

To whom it may concern,

This email is in reference to the sports injury that occurred during the men's basketball game on 02/05/2013 resulting in medical transport.

I am greatly disappointed in the etiquette of both the coaching staff and the team members of the Hampshire College basketball team.

It universal sports etiquette and common courtesy to remain on the sidelines of the court if an injury occurs during play resulting in a time out- regardless of school/team affiliation.

It has to my attention that our men's basketball team was directed to disregarded this effortless act of human kindness and exit the gymnasium entirely, dismissing the critical status of their opponent and minimizing his contributions to the sport. In addition to their presence in the gymnasium, it is basic, undebated, sportsmanship to applaud any member being dismissed from play as they exit the floor.

Sadly, I had to EXPLICITLY direct my college's basketball team to support our opponent with both their presence and applause as an athlete was transported off of the court via a stretcher.

The disrespectful actions of the men's basketball team reflects poorly on Hampshire College as a whole.

I can safely say I was not the person in the gymnasium embararassed to be a part of a community that ignores the efforts and anguish of a dedicated student athlete.

I urge you to both address and correct this situation immediatley.

Sincelry,

Breonna M. Mabry

— End forwarded message —

## waiting

She waits at the end of the table  
Playing with her hair and staring out the window  
"He'll love you as long as he's able"  
But she thinks he'll never show.  
A boy clears off the table in front of her.  
She wonders how different he is from him;  
Definitely punctual, she's sure.  
She swallows her coffee and drowns her whim.  
A bell rings  
"My alarm; I overslept."  
A corporate song sings  
and she counts promises kept.  
She plays with her hair and glances out the window  
She knows he'll never show.

ian sloan



# TO LEON WERTH

## From le Petit Prince

Juliette Chevalier

I ask the indulgence of the children who may read this book for dedicating it to a grown-up. I have a serious reason: he is the best friend I have in the world. I have another reason: this grown-up understands everything, even books about children. I have a third reason: he lives in France where he is hungry and cold. He needs cheering up. If all these reasons are not enough, I will dedicate the book to the child from whom this grown-up grew. All grown-ups were once children— although few of them remember it. And so I correct my dedication:

TO LEON WERTH  
WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE BOY

[...]

"Little man," I said, "I want to hear you laugh again."

But he said to me:

"Tonight, it will be a year... my star, then, can be found right above the place where I came to the Earth, a year ago..."

"Little man," I said, "tell me that it is only a bad dream— this affair of the snake, and the meeting-place, and the star..."

But he did not answer my plea. He said to me, instead: "The thing that is important is the thing that is not seen..."

"Yes, I know..."

"It is just as it is with the flower. If you love a flower that lives on a star, it is sweet to look at the sky at night. All the stars are a-bloom with flowers..."

"Yes, I know..."

"It is just as it is with the water. Because of the pulley, and the rope, what you gave me to drink was like music. You remember— how good it was."

"Yes, I know..."

"And at night you will look up at the stars. Where I live everything is so small that I cannot show you where my star is to be found. It is better, like that. My star will just be one of the stars, for you. And so you will love to watch all the stars in the heavens... they will all

be your friends. And, besides, I am going to make you a present..."

He laughed again.

"Ah, little prince, dear little prince! I love to hear that laughter!"

"That is my present. Just that. It will be as it was when we drank the water..."

"What are you trying to say?"

"All men have the stars," he answered, "but they are not the same things for different people. For some, who are travelers, the stars are guides. For others they are no more than little lights in the sky. For others, who are scholars, they are problems. For my businessman they were wealth. But all these stars are silent. You— you alone— will have the stars as no one else has them—"

"What are you trying to say?"

"In one of the stars I shall be living. In one of them I shall be laughing. And so it will be as if all the stars were laughing, when you look at the sky at night... you— only you— will have stars that can laugh!"

Quand tu regarderas le ciel, la nuit, puisque j'habiterai dans l'une d'elles, puisque je rirai dans l'une d'elles, alors ce sera pour toi comme si riaient toutes les étoiles.

And he laughed again.

"And when your sorrow is comforted (time soothes all sorrows) you will be content that you have known me. You will always be my friend. You will want to laugh with me. And you will sometimes open your window, so, for that pleasure... and your friends will be properly astonished to see you laughing as you look up at the sky! Then you will say to them, 'Yes, the stars always make me laugh!' And they will think you are crazy. It will be a very shabby trick that I shall have played on you..."

And he laughed again.

"It will be as if, in place of the stars, I had given you a great number of little bells that knew how to laugh..."

And he laughed again.

[...]

"I, too, shall look at the stars. All the stars will be wells with a rusty pulley. All the stars will pour out fresh water for me to drink..."



# gky's VALENTINES WORD SEARCH

*Look for Love...*

Hey kids! Look your exs' names in the word search below! Circle as many as you can find! The first one's been done for you!

H	O	H	N	J	F	Q	W	E	D	Z	F	X	Y	Y	E	S	F	E	B	K	A	Z	J	J	J	D	P	O	P	R	W	C	D	N	V
I	B	O	E	S	G	R	T	I	R	F	A	S	U	R	K	W	I	N	S	N	X	U	E	P	E	N	N	S	E	O	N	R	A	A	K
V	S	Q	H	H	O	V	S	T	O	C	B	C	I	N	E	T	S	I	R	K	A	N	H	I	F	B	P	H	E	M	G	I	C	I	P
B	R	I	T	T	A	N	Y	A	F	U	H	C	H	U	R	M	K	V	O	C	N	W	I	S	F	E	P	K	D	Q	F	S	M	S	B
I	X	A	T	X	E	L	A	K	D	L	H	Q	U	F	R	Z	Y	L	I	I	C	P	P	H	O	O	M	V	W	J	N	T	A	A	Y
F	Z	S	A	W	Q	M	H	X	L	E	J	N	Y	Z	I	R	K	S	F	A	I	O	G	I	T	J	A	X	N	Z	C	I	X	W	S
Y	I	H	M	Z	O	P	L	N	A	M	H	J	J	Q	Z	S	S	E	Z	V	Q	T	K	S	H	F	E	A	F	M	L	N	V	U	V
M	Z	L	B	E	C	H	T	M	R	I	J	J	G	N	T	E	R	R	H	W	J	E	I	Z	G	E	H	K	D	G	D	A	A	Z	V
F	M	E	Q	X	Y	S	F	M	E	L	F	X	L	N	J	R	N	X	S	T	V	R	L	O	I	G	I	K	C	I	H	D	H	D	C
G	O	Y	Q	Q	P	S	E	D	G	J	L	E	Q	G	S	X	F	O	Z	Q	H	M	O	E	N	N	N	O	O	R	P	Y	X	J	M
Q	X	N	Z	M	E	G	A	N	T	S	I	N	L	H	W	F	N	T	O	C	E	B	A	H	A	B	D	A	K	X	L	U	I	O	K
P	H	A	E	Z	G	Y	E	T	N	U	G	B	C	Z	S	I	X	V	V	N	W	E	J	W	L	H	Z	N	G	X	Y	G	K	F	Z
M	X	S	K	L	B	M	Y	K	E	V	O	K	E	O	V	D	K	S	M	F	F	D	O	X	N	N	C	V	C	G	L	V	C	N	H
B	T	M	Y	F	X	D	R	Z	D	U	C	H	S	Y	T	E	N	P	U	G	G	U	K	B	D	J	J	I	H	J	E	N	L	D	L
K	E	D	L	L	P	Z	I	H	I	F	B	V	X	B	K	H	I	T	P	C	B	J	T	W	C	I	V	Y	M	H	T	V	F	T	V
Q	F	N	S	K	V	U	N	L	S	L	E	O	X	R	T	O	D	V	B	D	X	E	G	L	Y	M	I	M	G	M	Q	N	B	K	H
V	V	O	R	H	Q	I	O	Q	E	Y	T	M	K	Z	J	K	M	S	W	D	V	F	Y	I	F	P	J	O	F	K	Q	D	V	D	E
N	X	H	Q	Q	C	L	A	K	R	L	Y	M	M	R	B	V	Q	N	D	M	N	X	O	Q	Y	N	L	A	X	G	P	Z	G	Y	J
D	L	P	A	O	R	N	N	I	P	E	O	J	W	R	V	C	D	V	I	T	T	G	K	L	J	M	P	K	C	U	O	T	Y	O	M
P	X	Y	L	M	T	V	O	X	E	B	V	L	V	B	T	D	N	C	L	C	X	A	E	U	M	T	B	F	E	X	G	T	C	O	B
A	K	E	D	C	R	X	F	S	T	L	I	I	D	F	L	W	N	C	E	C	H	L	B	M	S	D	Q	X	O	H	H	A	L	G	X
E	V	A	N	T	C	C	X	H	A	C	R	A	C	H	E	L	J	P	G	C	O	O	W	U	N	F	F	C	D	G	R	M	C	N	A
F	F	K	J	I	S	T	I	A	T	J	M	J	Z	P	Z	D	Y	U	L	W	O	N	L	B	A	J	Y	U	B	U	F	L	I	C	X
L	J	R	J	O	R	Z	B	A	S	V	E	R	X	J	G	N	G	X	L	Z	S	T	J	A	Z	Q	I	Q	H	N	M	U	F	B	H
J	E	K	U	Q	P	T	B	A	D	Z	F	D	P	Z	H	W	Z	O	U	I	Y	Y	A	F	S	M	K	V	W	O	Q	D	B	Z	B
M	R	H	X	T	Q	M	L	A	E	L	O	B	G	Z	M	Y	R	K	G	O	A	H	O	B	Q	T	I	R	D	I	N	H	Y	L	X
H	B	C	H	O	B	Q	G	B	T	Q	A	V	G	P	B	N	F	V	X	M	Z	X	B	F	Q	P	G	S	E	J	T	Y	W	F	N
U	C	K	Q	O	L	Q	G	C	I	D	Z	N	T	N	Q	A	Z	I	I	A	Z	M	P	D	Z	M	A	Q	G	O	Q	C	N	Z	P
K	A	K	B	G	C	P	J	C	N	N	L	N	K	L	Q	Q	D	I	V	A	D	O	V	E	F	R	N	D	T	A	M	F	Z	F	S
K	W	J	Z	Y	W	D	S	N	U	R	C	A	K	U	O	K	J	A	Y	B	B	H	K	I	A	J	O	E	V	R	I	I	M	W	Q
B	L	P	W	N	E	O	S	A	R	U	M	V	E	Z	K	X	P	B	I	U	G	N	Z	H	B	V	M	M	Y	X	P	T	X	Y	A
W	H	Q	K	N	E	T	E	F	E	D	X	Y	Z	R	V	D	V	S	R	M	Y	Y	H	B	K	R	H	I	Q	W	R	E	N	A	R
D	H	D	U	J	J	Q	Y	Z	M	N	Q	D	E	N	E	A	X	I	D	G	F	U	B	V	V	A	B	L	X	P	X	I	K	I	D
G	A	S	U	O	U	K	Z	M	R	U	I	Q	N	T	C	Q	H	T	W	A	E	K	B	C	F	R	V	Y	R	G	M	Q	A	O	W



# VALENTINES ACTIVITY PAGE

## MATCH-MAKING FUN!

### Play Cupid...

1. Ben Bachelder
2. Omen Kid
3. F. Stewz
4. Rachel Ithen
5. Julia

Match the Omen Staffers to their Valentines! Each staffer has one Valentine. Sorry, Polygamists! Every staffer has a valentine, because this is fiction.

- a. Vegan Baking
- b. Palitude & Cats
- c. Latin Hameuark
- d. World Peace
- e. David Axel Kurtz

Answer Key:  
1.d 2.d 3.d 4.d 5.d

# CID'S COLORING CORNER!



## *Mirror, Mirror...*

Who's the fairest? Not you, that's for sure!  
Draw-n-color in the mirror the face of  
whomever you compare yourself  
unfavorably to -  
or whomever you're sure your Valentine does!

If you don't know what to do, ask a parent  
for help with this section! They compare  
you to your siblings all the time.

Examples: Christina Hendricks, Rock  
Hudson, Prince, Daenerys Targaryen, Your  
Modmate, Your Ex, Their Ex...

*Valentine,*

It's great that you're out  
But that's not how you  
were reared  
So if you visit back home  
I could be your beard

*To:*

*Love:*

**FROM:**

**TO:**

You followed your heart  
and studied your passion  
maybe that's why you're  
Div Free in Northampton

*Sky's*

## **CUT-IT-OUT VALENTINES!**

*Share Responsibly!*

Cut each valentine along the dotted line, and give to someone who deserves it. Remember to **BE CAREFUL** with scissors & under no circumstances ask for help if you need it.

You're alone because you deserve to be.



*To My Valentine:*

*As sharp as you are  
about social justice praxis  
I like you much more  
lying on your backs*

*From:*



## TRIGGER WARNING

This ill-thought out 'article' glorifies domestic abuse, sexual violence, celebrates racist beauty standards, and generally makes most of the Omen Staffers who were exposed to it sad.

You might like it, though, and we can't stop you. The Omen as an institution has no opinion on this or any piece we publish. See our disclaimer.

Why I Love Arthur Rimbaud

Nathan Anderson

DISCLAIMER: This piece contains marked levels of cynicism, vulgarity and sexism. Reader discretion is advised.

Nobody makes more sense to me than Arthur Rimbaud. The brilliant French poet has been dead for a long time. When I first read *Illuminations* I was more than enthused. I blushed, my testes dilated, my dick moved, I was magnetized. It was as though a glimpse of heaven were whirring down the middle of my forehead and rounding down to the center of my consciousness. Someone from beyond the grave was filling me with the essentials of life, something was happening to me, a metabolic change hitherto unknown to science, a transfiguration of internal materials. On a lesser level, a new lease was delivered. It was redemptive. Finally in this bright visage I found a savage scripture, a spiritual teaching that at last made sense, one free of hideous morality, grievous misunderstanding and death vacuum. I want to tell you why I love Rimbaud, this strange dead man from the 19th century who could never know I would ever exist, so that perhaps you may come to love him too.

All that needs to be known about his back story is that suddenly he started generating poetry that altered the structure of the universe at about age 16. Before that he was "being educated", which for him meant being shoved in a straight jacket and getting yelled at to stay put whenever he struggled to take it off. As a little boy Rimbaud had all the precious appearances of a well behaved pupil. On the outside he sat upright in class, responded to every question with an immediate circumspect correct answer, and won the prizes. Inside he was raging with an unfathomable multitude of nuclear reactions, galaxies were multiplying and transecting at the focal axis point of his cognitive apparatus, human privates were being more and more imaginatively sexualized, and pyromaniac desires to jump out the window and set off cannons and climb buildings were festering sweetly in a tribal wilderness under a pup of tart blond hair.

Shrewish, meddlesome mother aside eventually he set out to do his own thing. It was at this time that the portal opened. Charleville, stingy northern town of his birth, surrounded by mud green fields and hopelessness, could not contain the ray that had burst like a photonic beam from a star laser that had split out of his forehead. It would consume the world before it consumed him in the matter of a few years.

What years they were. To Paris! In the period of his late adolescence, when most people his age would be preoccupied by secret unholy masturbation and preparing for further enslavement, Rimbaud the gemologist extraordinaire had forged with celestial utensils orbs of levitating divinity. He summoned orbs: "In hours of bitterness I imagine balls of sapphire, balls of metal. I'm master of silence. So why should the outlines of a vent begin to flash, faintly, at the corner of my ceiling?" He had broken through, hacked the matrix, solved some cryptic something in the air. That solution he was trying to communicate to all, to any soul strong enough and ready to receive it. He was trying to present to humanity the "key of love" which would at once ignite the flesh into magic gold and be lodged straightaway into the machine of mass produced collective suicide, halting it at once. Around him gathered the demon-lit gargoyles of greed and envy which he kept at bay with vicious barks and snarls.

He always had to fight, except around very few people at very rare moments. When he went on his first foray into mainland France, at 16, he was apparently arrested and imprisoned. All he felt was the most pious remorse for his mother, who hounded delinquency. Can you imagine the horrid ape frenzy of a provincial French prison during this time of riots and upheavals? Poor runaway Rimbaud, with dreams of becoming a hero, finds himself surrounded by snarling brigands with aims to devour his body and soul until his skull was empty. Perhaps it is true as he later claimed that he fought them off. In triumph we can hope. If you break it down to the mechanics it sounds plausible. At this time he was a hissing and rolling lad of vigorous Gaulish build and of unconquerable northern stock, as the strapping scholar of history knew himself to be and as feral bloody instincts told him. What such a force of nature would have trouble staving off a pack of malnourished prisoners?

In Paris he met Mr. Paul Verlaine, poetic wretch, alcoholic, bored husband to an ambivalent wife, and nobody to an infant son. Verlaine was an admirable literary mage himself, of quite remarkable forms and resonances. To Rimbaud he was someone that he could knock around and who would listen to his raving decrees with absolute obedience. Verlaine and his wiseguy artist friends were more than obliged to listen to every single word that Rimbaud shrieked and sang at them, because the boy was astronomically the more effulgent poet. It is fascinating to imagine: a room full of middle aged men staring in complete paralytic awe and attention as Rimbaud, nearly half their age, roared at them with enlightenment and madness at the top of his voice. Verlaine fell into sweaty man love for the boy Rimbaud, and would most

the time do everything he commanded.

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The affair between Rimbaud and Verlaine is one of the most famous in the history of homosexual relations. It was marked by dangerous intensity, chaotic passions, druggy delirium, betrayal and violence, and at last lifelong spiritual devotion. (Verlaine, even though he went to jail for two years for shooting Rimbaud in the arm after a dispute, would look after his manuscripts and saw to it that they were published as Rimbaud would have liked before he abandoned them for Africa. Rimbaud formally dropped all charges for the assault and the two rejoined temporarily after the sentence was carried out.) What I'd like to speculate on is what would have happened if a different type of personality were substituted for Verlaine. What if Rimbaud had a lover that could match him with equal ferocity? Although Verlaine was almost twice Rimbaud's age, he was the timid partner. It arouses to imagine how Rimbaud would've behaved had he been put in check by equivalent energies. Perhaps more of his angelic qualities would have surfaced. Verlaine was evidently a glum and ponderous man, who had to be led around by Rimbaud to be motivated to do anything other than to drink or write poetry. If their relationship soured it was probably Verlaine's fault; he was too weak to match Rimbaud's ambitions. He could not keep pace. Eventually he became insanely possessive of Rimbaud, one likely cause for his abandonment of poetry at age 20. Others say Rimbaud behaved like a little monster and Verlaine simply couldn't withstand his verbal abuse and mind games.

So what about Rimbaud makes him so lovable? Disregarding that he could be an evil horror in the wrong mood, it's simple. Rarely do you find evidence of a prophet in a human being; the majority of the like can only suck in air and root around with their snouts, like pigs. Rarer is a prophet found at age 18. Rarer still do you find one that you'd simply love to cuddle with until the stars burned out. Rimbaud was a prophet, although a new breed of one, and very fond of cuddling. Rarest of all he brought truths and insights which were not muddled by a religious control system—his methods are the antithesis of moral codes. At the crest of youth his body was a glowing frame traced out in lean muscle and covered in soft bright glabrous membranes radiating streams of light. In his mind he had no less than a schematic "soul map" for the type of person that would survive and transcend modernity, and was jubilantly eager to give it to anyone and everyone for free. He would express this soul map through poetry, but this was only a means of choice. He saw himself as a prototype for a new human being. Under his vision, all would be free, women, men, children, animals, bugs, flowers, seas, minerals and sky. Life would agitate in a stir of childish bounty, at all times and in every breath.

There are three praiseworthy traits with Rimbaud: his message, his physicality, his example. Let these turn over in on themselves sumptuously just as they did in his wild life. While his genius-level poetry wins me over by itself, his physicality around the years of his poetic activity, its geometric equipoise, benign blush, blondish efficiency and ruthless blue gaze win me over again with the same force. What a compact and gathered figure, a marvel of human biomechanics! Then there is his personality. Bipolar heaven-hell boy, Rimbaud was an entity unto itself, a form which can be explained by no theories of human nature, no generalization, no precedent. He saw with his prismatic mind the staleness and infertility of the modern set up. He saw how it made central the subordination of vigorous life energies to bureaucratic redundancy and futile whirlpools of money. He wanted for each moment and each place to be his home. When the world disagreed he blinked, saw the eternal shape more clearly, morphed to match it, and changed and adapted with exact fitness. His appetite for experience, for knowledge, for new delirium, was indefatigable. All he wanted was to be himself, a self that was more vibrant, brilliant and excellent than anything that might emerge in the standards imposed by modern bourgeois 19th century French society. It was a system that prided itself on the manufacture of uniformity. He knew that the ordinary ways of the buttoned-up wretch was the true engine of despair. It was their habits that slaughtered human value en masse. They applied the pressure of steamy hatred which cauterized the heart of love. If he gave in to it for one moment the holy communion with nature would be cracked asunder. It would be as if the heady paint of consciousness were replaced by a dull stamp. He had too much desire to live. It affronted those who were taught to fear and deny life, those who held all the offices and positions of power in the great suicide engine of mass civilization. So he had to forge ahead on his own, or risk being marshaled, lackstep, along the path to extinction.

(Enticingly, he was also dangerous. You could not tell if at any moment he would filch your wallet or break a bottle over your head in a fit of sudden fury. He was capable of fighting off multiple grown men at once, as he sometimes had to in the Parisian underworld to defend himself from sexual assault. The depths of abominable misbehavior Rimbaud was capable of reaching invalidates the prayers and rituals of ten thousand priests and nuns. His verbal viciousness was also reportedly the absolute of cruelty: his man-lover Paul Verlaine would often be horrifically teased by Rimbaud, whenever the mood struck him. Certainly the combination of infantile tantrums and profound intelligence + imagination created in the 18 year old Rimbaud an optimal configuration of internal psychic balances and weights, like a machine for Atlantis. He must've had an angelic butt. One which, on being revealed, resonated right like the sun as it emerges behind clouds. It immediately brightens all surroundings.)

He rebelled against the stultifying mores of his day, those colorless habits that would soon grow into the fetid death camps of the 20th century: diffidence to authority, sexual repression, rigid gender norms, respect for laws that were devised by murderous aristocrats and psychotic conquerors. In short, he was in

round more human, fuller, and more actualized than the swarm. This is once again the posture towards ever more wars. Rimbaud attempted to show that the what alienated and charged him. It suffocated him horribly as it gave him powerful human mind was a paradise of gems and rebirth. As a young man he had no patience to wait around until he was understood. His formula for a new humanity was not heard over the clamor of traffic heading off the precipice. And so he walked out.

There remains the question whether he was a sweetheart all along or a shallow ego supremacist. He frequently ran away from, and back to, his shrewish domineering mother, who some say corrupted him in his heyday—the few short years of his late adolescence in which he produced surviving poetry, could understand him. Verlaine was manipulative and conceited and jealous. The powers of his own mind could not communicate with a kindred spirit, it seems that he was truly a loner his whole life, even when in company. This eternal solitude was his freedom and hell—for it unburdened him of the mechanical dullness of “civil duty”, freed up his intellectual and creative powers to pursue self-directed goals, and yet it cast him into emotional abomination and sadness. The closest he ever came to love was Verlaine, with eyes too dulled by drink to recognize what divine good fortune was his to be lover to such a being. Rimbaud produced A Season in Hell, in which he renounced himself and his abilities. In the poem he essentially commits a form of symbolic suicide. He called it quits. Heartbroken, he abandoned everything to the shining wastes.

His undoubtedly intense capacity from love, shining so brightly in his amorous poems, was drowned out by the nausea and inertia to which his wild lifestyle resulted. Others say he was so conceited and narcissistic that it was impossible for him to love anyone. Verlaine, and numerous young women and boys, were just yet another experience to consume with all the senses. I think he could have found someone to love, if he were not such an alien. He was, you recall, born roughly a thousand years too soon.

My admiration for Rimbaud parallels the respect a Christian might have for Jesus Christ. Like all prophets he was martyred, relatively by society through the pillage of his body and corruption of his message; and absolutely by Nature, with whom he held ultimate communion, by cancer, which bitterly took his life at age 37. It has been said that his message was intended for the people of the future. They who would snap into being out of the same scientific civilization he was living in, which he knew would be the final civilization. I like to fancy that somehow Rimbaud’s great suffering and misery can be redeemed by my acceptance and devotion to his message, a message admittedly very cryptic and befogged. Sure he has been dead for more than a century. Time does not erode timeless perceptions! The exact same modern system that he saw through completely is still in action today, still building bridges off to nowhere, still devising ever more wars and trade disputes, still promoting a society of rainy grey faces and drifting nobodies, still mute as the moon when it comes to answering the question “what should I live for?”

Some might take my thing for Rimbaud to be a disgusting pop-star infatuation or something even creepier. But no! It is more sincere than that. I want only to share his legacy so that one day we can all come to savor the same state of freedom which he realized in his lifetime. What his life provided was not merely good poetry or an edgy bohemian attitude; he altered the chemistry of the brain through self-reflection. As a result, he evolved past a weaker, more conformist stage of humanity. It is time we modern people canonize the great, and one and only true spiritual teacher of our time, Arthur Rimbaud.

Count on me then: good faith comforts , it guides and it heals. Come on now, everyone—children too—and I will give you comfort, and I will pour out my heart for you—my wonder-working heart!—Poor humans, poor laborers! I do not ask for your prayers; trust me, simply trust me, and I’ll be glad.”



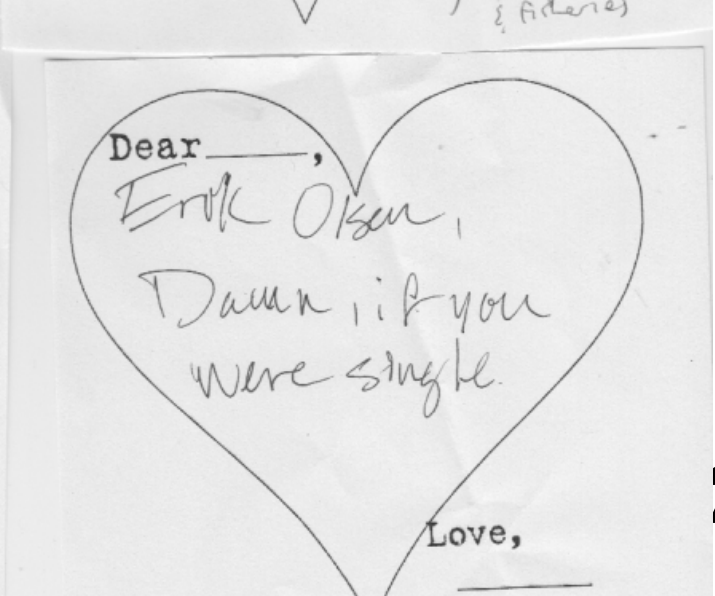
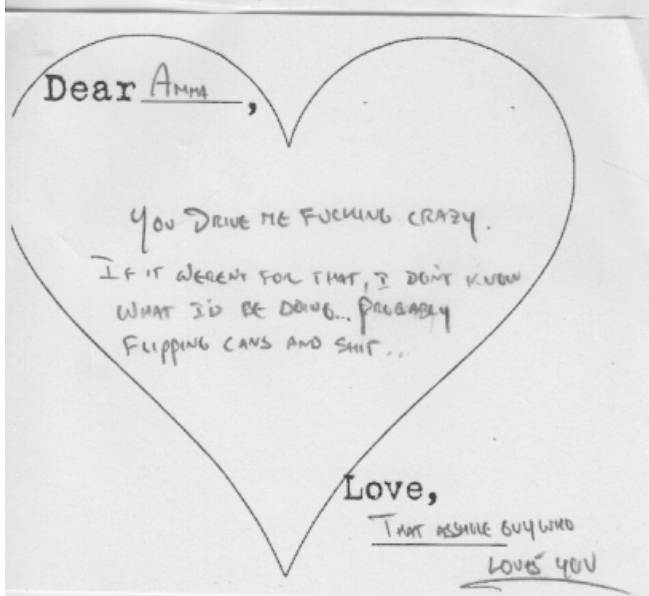
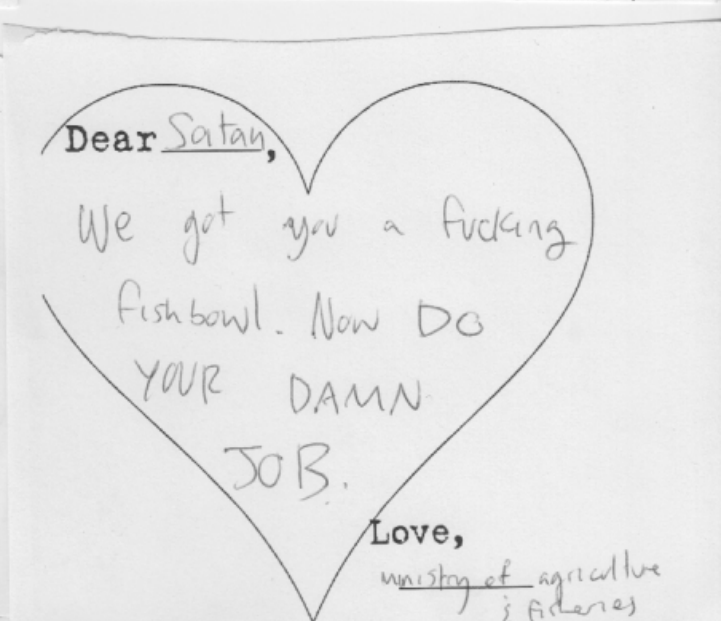
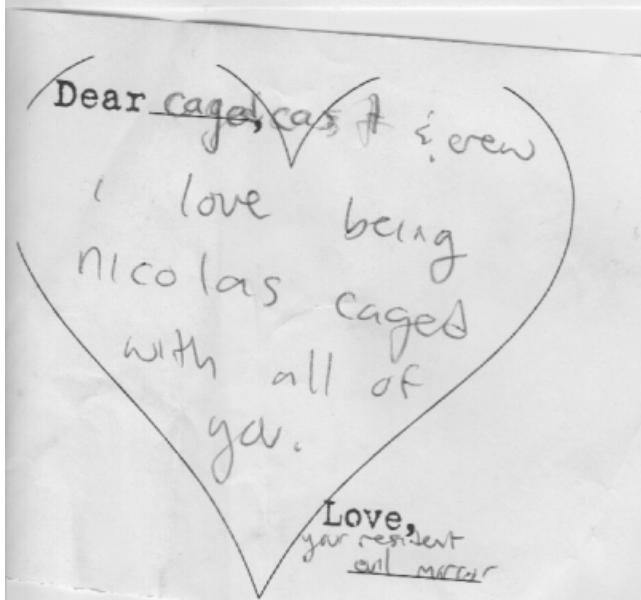
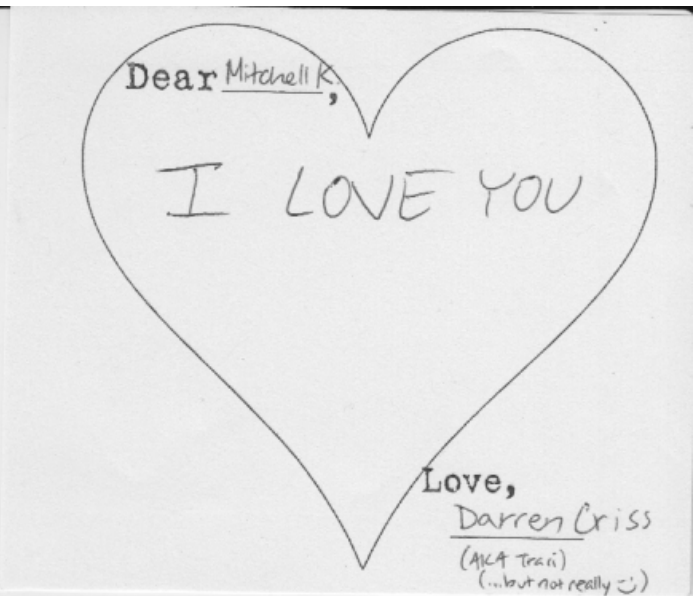
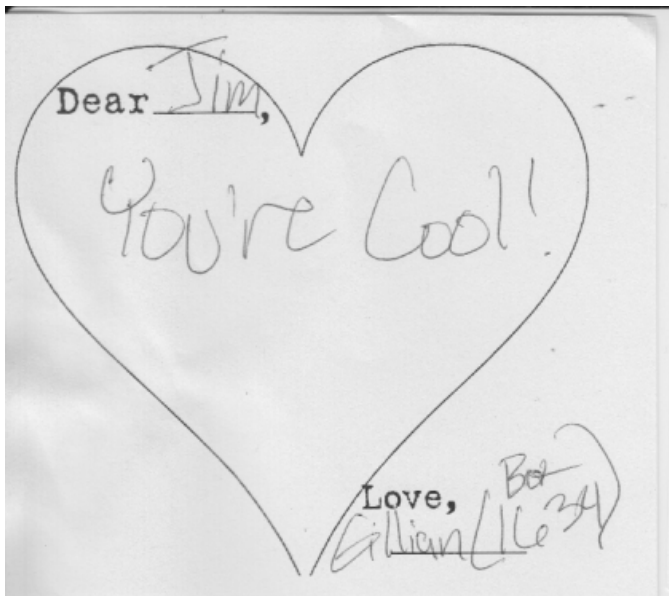
This is an ambitious statement. But if my theory is correct, it is important that it be communicated. If it is true that Rimbaud was the deliverer, the messiah of the modern age, he is the one who saw into the pattern of the society we are still experiencing. And as a messenger of liberation, Rimbaud differs from other figures of his type, in that he did not care to be remembered and thought nothing of being worshiped. So what was his message? In some ways it was a harbinger of doom: for this modern system would have killed Rimbaud, its revelator, had he not escaped. (Eventually he would abandon poetry and run away to Africa, where he would grow into a disgusting man who mirrored all the corrupt values of colonial mercantilism.) Rimbaud’s is a poetry of countryside adulation and cityscape blues. He was a cipher for the dawn of nature and the dumb saint of the gutter. Rimbaud simply wanted for others to get in on his game, to stop operating the iron plated death machine of blind progress and know the intimacy of spring (a recurring motif) the magic of consciousness and the raw variety and range of experience. He wanted everybody to feel truly alive, with that adolescent insistence that ignores all rational feasibility. And in return he was brutalized, chided, ignored, manipulated, denounced as a heathen and branded for internment. The tormented sugar of Paris drove the angel into demonic pangs: if he was embraced properly, listened to, his praise sung, perhaps even World War I might have been averted. (Rimbaud, still a teenager, writes predictatively of the increasing militarization of Germany, presaging the perilous ascension of the Kaiserreich.)

In dreams Rimbaud fancied the Dao. He saw it shaped and ready placed in a wind of nebula with trails and tumbles of eternity. He saw how it overturned the western system of disjointed order spitting chaos at nature, which put life at odds with death. Of course this is all very incommunicable so he could only speak of the inexorable echoing truth of the East, reverberating with power and harmony. “I say to hell with the Martyr’s crown, art’s glory, the inventor’s pride and the passions of pillagers; I’ve returned East and to the very first Eternal wisdom of them all.” Rimbaud knew how to link the ordered and diffuse. For him life did not require perfect order, nor did death imply complete dissolution. And so he was immunized from fear, the great dream thief. All spiraled at turns toward and away from heaven.

It was as if there was a war against love and he was the only one fighting against it. In a better world Rimbaud would have been born in the year 3157, when silver and diamond machines float in magnetic alignment around long tree parks in the middle of circular shaped cities. (He did in fact depict cities like this in Illuminations—cities of the future.) In such a time Rimbaud’s message would have been instituted as strict policy by everyone. He would not have been listened to, as he was in his lifetime, solely by bloodshot poets with guns and an appetite for perversion. What Rimbaud with all his dear heart and formidable intellect wanted to show was a blueprint for a new kind of humanity. In his day, the rise of the French middle class was afforded by the growth of offices and clerical work in a laissez faire service economy, and greater leisure time. It seemed to Rimbaud that the periods of peace were simply flavorless blank intervals between the next inevitable war or revolution. Those who participated in the conventional society were as pieces of mechanism falling into predictable place as the death machine relapsed into its regular cyclic



# MORE OF YOUR DAMN VALENTINES



Dear: Ari Mayer, Dina Spanback, Melanie Kates,  
Connie Hildreth, Olivia Vazquez, Rileli  
Sobrinsky, Sarah Gordon, Karina Kelton,  
~~Ursula~~ Ursula Chodosh, Britni Hayes,  
Kaitlin Rosen, Jalana Sloczman, Carson  
Volpe, CAGEP: Of Queens and Daughters,  
Heroes and Villains,  
And anyone I forgot,  
I love you to DEATH!  
Love,  
♡♡

Dear \_\_\_\_\_,

Quick Brown

Fox, I love submitting my  
poetry and short fiction to you  
by February 15th. To celebrate  
Valentine's Day, I can't think  
of anything better than to  
submit to you.

Love,  
Pablo Neruda

<sup>Charles</sup>  
Dear ~~Lee~~ Lee,

WHERE ARE  
YOU

Love, "that boy in  
~~the forest~~ the forest"

Dear Reilly,

Wanna hang out and  
"listen" to that  
Weezer album?

Love,  
Gaines

Dear Daria,

I ♡ you + your  
boy scout shirt + that  
doesn't mean  
I think you two  
are ugly

Love,  
Hannah

Dear \_\_\_\_\_,

you suck.  
I am so done.  
whatever I was to you,  
ugh. Fuck that  
shit.

Love, Neal

Dear Pat,

Nooooerd!!!

Love,  
Lauren

Dear GOD,

Where  
are  
you  
Dude?

Love,  
ME :)

Dear Peppy,

Where are you?

Love,  
Baby

Dear \_\_\_\_\_,

Arbitrary Activism,

I love you  
like I hate  
my self

Love,  
Nathan Sam  
NATHAN SAUCH

Dear Tesh,

You're an awesome  
friend

Love,  
\_\_\_\_\_



Dear Buna,

You are great.

Love,

Nemep

Dear FAUSTINO,

SHORTY, HOW GET SO FLY?

I LOVE the way your  
long and lovely  
MESSICAN LOCKS  
SWAY in the  
wind.

Love,

YOUR MESSICAN  
Sista FROM Another  
Mista, Letty

Dear mommy,

I Love you more than  
Dante does. Does this  
mean I can have  
coke?

Love,

Gabrielle

Dearest Jennifer,

you are truly  
my Kindred  
spirit.

Love,

Anne  
Shortey

Dear Potato,

Thanks  
for  
everything!

Love,

Julia

Dear JEWYWWWY

EUGHWWN

:\*

Love,

•

Dear glitter,

When would we be  
without you?  
glitter 5eur

Love,

trasya

Dear tumblr,

are we famous yet?  
istrasya famous yet. tumblr.com

Love,

TRASYA

Dear TIM,

BB  
you're  
my



you're  
my  
darling

ANG3L

Love,

ROBERTO

Dear \_\_\_\_\_,  
Valentine



Love,

Tanya Gorbunova

Dear K1,

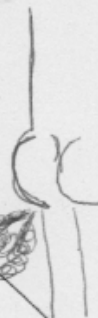
Did you know the  
symbol of a heart  
is modeled after an  
upside down  
butt?

Love,

HH

Dear \_\_\_\_\_,

FFFF



YOU CAN'T  
SPELL LOVE  
WITHOUT  
BUTT  
STUFF  
Love,  
\_\_\_\_\_

Dear Bachus,

Go home,  
you are  
DRUNK.

Love,  
everyone ever

Dear Daniel,

For fuck's sake would  
you just admit  
that you're fantastic  
and wonderful  
and  
#great

Love,  
tasya

Dear MAKA,

omg why are you  
such a great  
roommate stahp

Love,  
TASYA

Dear starfish,

you're gr 9. &  
totes deserve to  
be famous  
#kbye

Love,  
jellyfish

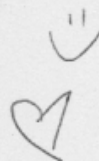
Dear TASYA,

YR Gr 9

Love,  
TRACI

Dear C, S, S, M,

You guys rock my socks off



Love,  
Traci



Dear FLASH,

Take the best pres,  
Ta know you are us  
Car out smile  
With us  
Place  
Stay

Love,  
Saxo

ear Shake & Bake,

YOU'RE THE BEST  
STUDENT GROUP  
EVA!

Love,  
Billy Shakes

Dear Shake & Bake,

You : dah best!

Love,  
Every other student  
group

Dear <sup>MOD</sup>101,

My inner thighs still shake  
when I come home to  
all you fabulous  
people.



Love,  
Brynnie

Dear COCA,

I'm still pissed  
you didn't  
show Jaws  
my second year  
for spring ~~Love,~~  
Sam.

Dear Ray,



Love,  
Shoshanna

Dear Mod 1,

Sorry about the trash,  
my hostility toward  
strangers & the toast  
I stole. I ♥  
you all so much.  
I know  
you'll  
forgive me!

Love,  
Margaret

Dear <sup>Zeffa</sup>KINNEY,

You are  
a radiant  
point of  
luminescence

In the  
shadowy  
abyss

Love,  
Handshie

Dear FiCom,

Connie is the loveliest.  
Please learn what FiCom  
is - Knowledge is  
power!

Love,

♥♥

Love,  
\_\_\_\_\_

Dear Roberts,

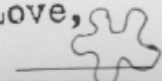
Thanks for swiping  
my card so I can  
eat and telling me  
the weather so I  
don't die in the  
snow.

Love,  
A lot of people.

Dear \_\_\_\_\_,



Love,



Dear Julia at Umess,

you fill my heart with sprinkles,  
machetes and lust

Love,

You know  
(SARA)

Dear Beyoncé,

You missed Your silhouette  
at the Super Bowl,  
but it's okay  
because you're  
flawless.

Love,

Daniel

Dear Beyoncé,

I just want to  
be you. Your  
fierce ♡

Love,

Yar baby ♡

Dear \_\_\_\_\_,

WOW

Love,

Dear Danica,

I  
♡  
U



rub  
ma  
belly?  
Please?

Love,

Mercy

Dear HANNAH,



You're  
NICE  
TO ME  
EVENTHO  
IM A 6  
AT BEST  
TNX!

Love,

MATTHEW

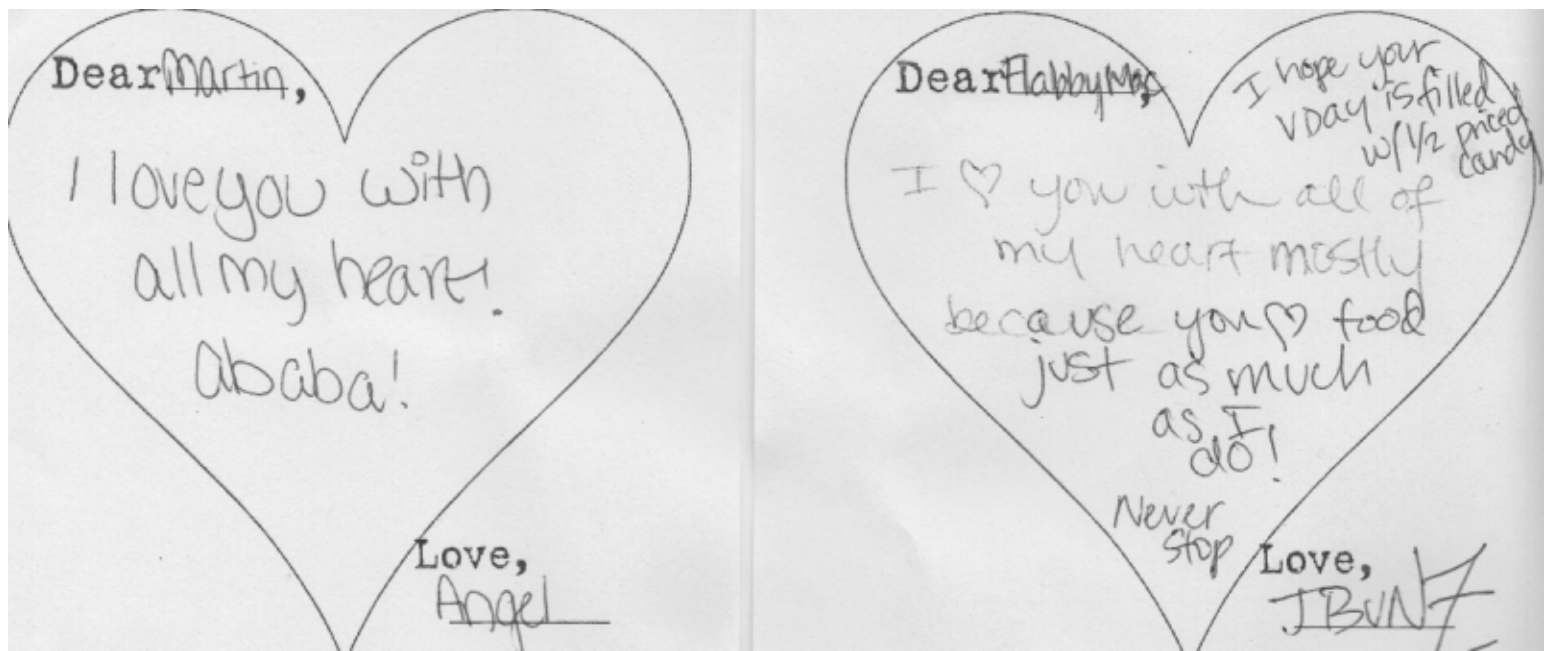
Dear Isaac,



Love,

Hannah





oh, YOU LOVER'S FOOLS!

WE LOVES YA,  
YA CALLOOTS!

Dear OMEN,

I love  
you!

Love,  
everyone

Dear Omen, ..

Hey, you!

Yes, you. I know you're sad, I  
know you're lonely. But you're  
wonderful. And I hope you know  
that.

Love.

# SEXYTORN BODYLE RIPPER

## YOUR TURGID PROSE, YA HORNDOGS

The tree swayed gently in the breeze. This year, it swayed a few inches further than it had the previous year, because this particular tree was a bit shorter than an average tree and had grown since then, and taller things sway more. The fruit of the tree swayed, too, the top fruit coming incredibly close to falling off with the momentum from the swaying tree, reminiscent of a giant swaying manhood that couldn't quite sway enough to disburse its fruity gift.

A rambutan on a lower branch wept gently, its tendrils parting in the breeze, for it dreamt of the day that its lover would fall and they would be once again reunited.

It remembered that day tenderly, when its rambutanical lover had apparitioned before it, and their tendrils had become tangled. It had come from the future, where Jeff Goldblum had been inspired by his work to investigate dinosaur cloning.

But the answer, apparently, had not been frogs. The closest living relative of the velociraptor (the dinosaur Jeff thought was the sexiest) was the rambutan, dinosaur of the fruit world. This particular rambutan had been picked by Jeff Goldblum to be cross-bred with the sexiest velociraptor DNA known to dinosexologists.

They had made sweet love, the future rambutan's tendrils swelling suddenly into so many hemi-penes, only they had been mutated by the time machine so the spikes were less deadly, but no less erotic. As the reminiscing rambutan mused on how this was possible, Jeff Goldblum's face appeared at its level, and suddenly remarked, "You

can never know what will happen with time travel. There are too many butterflies involved."

It gasped audibly, to Jeff Goldblum, because this Jeff Goldblum had been altered by his time travel to be able to psychically communicate with rambutan.

"So, the one at the top of the tree, you say? Yes, that rambutan looks correct. I will have to send it back into the past so that we can properly close the time loop."

Aaro

Suddenly, the rambutan remembered more of that night in turgid detail. How suddenly, in the middle of their lovemaking, its lover had been wrenched away and taken. How Jeff Goldblum had flown off, cackling madly, its rambutanical lover held tightly in his grasp.

"No!" it thought, suddenly trembling and swaying, faster and faster, back and forth on its branch.

"No!" shouted Jeff Goldblum, "What are you doing? You can't interfere! You'll break time, and also, you will have never met your future velocirambutan lover if you stop me now!"

"I don't care!" it thought loudly, "I won't have you desecrating my past lover's future body in the past!" and suddenly shot off the tree into Jeff Goldblum's face.

They would have both fallen to the ground and died, but suddenly time broke. The sun rose over the Rambutan tree, Jeff Goldblum's giant face radiating down on the earth below.

B. CORFMAN





BIRDSEED

ARON NIEHAN

I had a coupon for a Golden Dawn

Whose back was branches of long and long

That integral derivative would not stop curving

And curve it did, as it gentrified my anus.

## "Random Blonde Kid: A Story

There was was a random blonde kid. They walked by the Omen office. It Made her quiver, gently carressing their tongues together. Firey, igniting their loving arms above the floor. 'I must engorge, it's growing with passion!' Embracing his penis into bed. The End."

- OMEN STAFFERS

A PARODY OF  
SHAKESPEARE'S SONNET  
XVIII FOR EDGAR ALLAN  
POES

by CHRIS FORZENHEIM

Shall I compare thee to a baklava?  
Thou art more foxy and more dulcet dear:  
Pastries leaven for their beauty formula,  
And other pastries are baklavas peer:  
Sometimes too hot dough o'erheats,  
And easily is the countenance made ungainly,  
Dull pastries obey recipes to be sweets  
By chance, or mishap changing quite profanely:  
But thy complexity shall ne'er degrade,  
Nor lose possession of the elan thou ow'st,  
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,  
So long as tongues can taste, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee

THE WRITING WALL

by JOSEPH DROMBOWSKI

The bastion of brittle barracks  
A wall and a whale  
Forward comes the harpoon of my love  
Whistling in the weebegone wind of withered whereafter  
Saffron simmers in the middle of a forgotten front lawn  
A lonely lawn littered with languished gnomes  
All glowing in the afterglow of the wails of our whale  
That blistering white whale all wall-like with rectangular ripeness  
That fucking whale

# JEFF GOLDBLUM FANFIC

F. STEWART-TAYLOR

Jeff Goldblum reached across the table and wiped a latke crumb off Jeff Goldblum's face. His glasses glinted by the light of the single candle on the dining room table, reflecting back Jeff's fretful expression, as he self-consciously fiddled with a morsel of sourcream and fried potato. "Jeff" he whispered huskily. "Happy Channukah." Jeff put down his fork, reached up, and trapped Jeff Goldblum's broad hand with his own, entwining their fingers. The fingers of his other hand drummed irregularly on the tabletop, twisting the tablecloth into little whirlpools and mountains. Jeff Goldblum ran his tongue over his teeth. His mouth was suddenly very dry. Outside, the New Jersey snow fell in slow flurries, fat flakes dropping a few at a time. They had been snowed in for a week, while the snow piled thickly under the eaves. Expecting power outages over the weekend, they had stocked up on enough latkes, manischewitz to last them a year of Hannukahs. Holding hands and giggling at the other shoppers at Stop and Shop as they bought case after case of bottled water, they . That was seven days ago.

Gently, Jeff ran his thumb across Jeff Goldblum's upper lip, sinking his nail in a little at the corner of Jeff's mouth, pulling it upwards into the crooked half smile Jeff Goldblum knew so well. His own mouth quirked upwards affectionately, a perfect mirror image. Quivering under Jeff's touch, Jeff Goldblum exhaled thickly. His breath made the eight lit menorah candles flicker, the tall, center candle dripping pure, clean wax into a small puddle on the rim of the menorah. Jeff Goldblum knew that later, when they played dreidl, he was ready to go "All In."







